

OUTPOST

Volume II

Issue 6

February 22, 1973



Honoring the real
Washington's birthday...
See page 2

Student Businessmen—
Not Switching
in SLO

Remembering When...
First Love

Across the Dial—
So What's New!

ONE DOLLAR

From the Editor

Take that pocket calendar out for a minute and study it to see what day this is. That's right, now you've got it. It's Thursday, Feb. 22, and yes, it's George Washington's birthday (national three-day weekends aside.) Being the loyal Americans we at *Outpost* are, we wanted to offer you some of the impeccable spirit that should thrill the heart of every citizen on this, the day to remember the Father of Our Country. We, who cannot tell a lie, proudly present a spoof to G.W.

Along more serious lines, that time of the year is rapidly coming upon us. You know the one we mean...spring...it's only a month away, and along with the arrival of the daffodil and daisy, blue skies and lazy picnic lunches on the library lawn, comes Love. That bubbly, gushy, ethereal and always mushy variety... Love, and your life becomes tangibly substantial with meaning because you're wanted by another human being.

If you're in love, or if you've ever been in love, Cathy Carrier's story on pages 4 and 5 will take you back to all the nervous fascination you knew in that First Love.

But everyone knows you can't live by love alone. There must be bread, too. And that's what Vicki Byllesby's story on Student-Owned Businesses is all about—making bread in a role characterized by anything but being Somebody-Else's-Boy. It's on page 3.

One of our regular contributors, Eric Noland, has contributed again. This time he's done a little surveying of what's coming over the waves the radio waves, that is—in San Luis Obispo. If you're a persistent knob-switcher, as I am, (always looking for a comfortable notch to settle into) you'll be interested in what Eric's found out from the people who grace the airwaves with their golden voices. If you're on the programming end of the shaft you'll be interested to find out what some of the vibes coming back the other way are saying. Check pages 6 and 7.

The next, and last, *Outpost* for this quarter will be out three weeks from today, during finals. (Three weeks—finals?) By that time you'll need us. We're going to tell you how to stay alive and healthy in body and mind that week.

We'll also be the only publication coming out during finals, so if you're an advertiser you might give Kay Hamilton a call (same phone as *Mustang Daily*.)

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The Incredible Campus: A Salute to G.W.

About 9:30 p.m. the entrances to the old Clock Tower building are always shrouded in shadow...so it was that night. The wind shook the leaves on the trees, and somewhere in the distance I could hear the faint clink-clink of a flag rope being hit against the pole.

In spite of the breeze, the night was unusually quiet...there were no cars passing by. Perhaps that's why my ears picked up what sounded like dim chanting wafting up from the direction of Poly Grove. I couldn't be too sure of what I heard, first it was loud, then soft, never distinct, drawing my attention, but not directing it.

I slipped my jacket closed against the wind which suddenly flurried as if it had made up its mind. I had made up my mind, too...I had to see what was going on.

I sprinted across the front lawn, crossed the road, jumped the white guard fence, and slowed to a stealthy walk. It would never do to burst in on somebody's party like a serious late-night jogger. Anyway, the chants I heard told me this couldn't be much of a party...it was more like something very strange that occurs maybe only once in a dream somewhere.

But this was no dream. The wind was blowing harder through the trees around the picnic tables. Something compelled me toward the group...maybe it was the wind or maybe it was a charisma emitted by the strange gathering itself. It wasn't my curiosity anymore.

I thought of my car and the camera equipment locked up inside. Parking in the Graphic Arts lot made running to get the camera out of the question, but photographer's work is never far from his mind.

I could see the people—yes, they were people, but such tiny, weird people they were—and they were passing a pipe. As the curved wood passed from hand to hand each participant looked searchingly up into the sky, closed her eyes, and took a long drag. After perhaps a fifteen second pause, she would sigh out the smoke into the ear of the person on her right, and pass the pipe on with a low murmur of words.

The scene was lit up by a fire roaring ominously in one of the bar-be-que pits. Around the pit the tiny enchanted figures began to move in graceful circle. Now and then one of them would spurt upward with dynamic momentum. As I moved closer next to the Cyclone fence which enclosed the area, I could see clearly what was happening.

My eyes bulged in disbelief, my legs lost all control of the person they foundationed, my heart hit the center of the sternum that protected it, and I fell to the cold, muddy ground.

These figures which were moving and dashing from place to place were girls. They appeared to be clad in delicate silk aprons, after rubbing the lids of my eyes I could see some were actually flying. With exalting force, the peculiar wings which some had attached to the center of their smooth, light-complexioned backs, took them where they wanted to go.

The sounds, now coming softly from their pink passionate lips, were murmured in aborted consistency. I could not make out what was being said but noticed a button on the apron of one of the girls. It read "Home Ec Club."

The girls began moving toward a stage made of wood which was shaped like a cork inside a wine bottle. Where its base joined the ground, from among the tall, green grass, a moan appeared,

It was unmistakably Ed Sullivan; his arms were folded, his head slid down upon the top of his chest as he turned to look at one of the bar-be-que pits.

It happened. The wind ceased its action, the chants dropped to unreal silence, the girls moved to the pit and knelt.

The glowing flames inside the pit died in ashes. First, there appeared a hat, then the shining silkiness of someone's lengthy white hair, blue coat, ruffled sleeve white pants and long black boots.

What was it? Who was it? I could see only the back of the seemingly human figure. The girls had their arms in the air and were beginning to whisper to one another.

It was a man dressed in eighteenth century attire. My mind raced...and remembered today was Washington's birthday. He turned—it was him—George Washington. At Cal Poly. Immediately my attention slipped back to the pit, this time a woman, same dress, only feminine eighteenth century. She was an attractive lady. George turned to her.

"Come, Martha," he said.

Ed stepped down from the platform as George and Martha stepped up. No words were exchanged, just a smile cracked at Ed's face as he received a tip of the hat from George. Ed kissed Martha's gloved hand and vanished into the ashed bar-be-que pit.

He was gone. The fire began to burn once again, the wind blew in outraged bursts, the girls were lifted by the swift flutter of their wings and moved toward the platform.



What was going to happen next? I couldn't imagine what was going on. I had gone to church last Sunday and couldn't decide what it was I had done since then for the Lord to wish such a horrifying experience on me.

Then I began to put things together. Was this a common occurrence on Washington's birthday? The year before I hadn't had night classes, or even the consciousness to witness such an unearthly display of reality.

This university (a year ago a college) was supposedly conservative. One night with George, Martha, and these...these... "druids" was too much liberalism for me to handle. I jumped up realizing no one would believe this unless I had positive proof. I had to run to my car, no matter how far, and get a camera.

The time had passed quickly. It was almost midnight, a wet mist enveloped Poly Grove, the druids and the Washingtons were very hard to see now.

The clock in the tower began striking twelve and the mist was moving toward me. I was surrounded, a swift wind caught my books and knocked them out of my arms. As they fell, the wind calmed to a relative quiet, the foggy atmosphere having lifted. I turned as the last dong of the clock tower bell went echoing across campus, and there was nothing; no George, no Martha, and no Home Ec Club.

But I had really seen them, it was no dream. Two and a half hours had gone by and now it was over, nothing was left but the memories embedded in my mind. No longer was it Washington's birthday, and I realized uneasily there would be no proof that what I had seen really had happened.

What was I to tell my roommates when they asked where I had been all night? What about my friends who might witness this same enchanted evening out at Poly Grove on the next February 22nd? How

(Continued on page 8)

Best of Both Worlds

by Vicki Byllesby

Photos by John Calderon

Ann, an attractive school girl and successful business woman in her coownership of "The Hang Up", attracts the attention of people interested in her hand made pottery, jewelry, and clothing.



"Sometimes I think I've just imagined this whole set up. This place I call my business is so much more than that. It's become an extension of me...it's my creation my pride."

Pressure is the name of the game, and it's the staunch student who can study and run a prosperous business at the same time. A few enterprising Cal Poly students have taken the plunge and entered into the world of finance and free enterprise.

San Luis Obispo is ripe territory for a pipe dream. Consider yours...it may have its possibilities.

An antique clock bongs the hour, the rough wood walls lend a glowing patina to the collection of sturdy pipes and the pungent odor of fine tobacco fills the air. The owner surveys his customers, fills up the canisters, and settles back for a relaxing chew on an empty pipe.

Doug McClure: full time owner of "Puff n Stuff."

Doug McClure: full time Architecture student.

How does he juggle his double life? Doug laughs, takes another long chew, and admits that the last year hasn't been an easy one.

Obviously, he had to earn a living. But Doug decided the conventional route wasn't his bag. Doug, his wife, and a partner hit on the idea of a specialty tobacco shop and scrounged California for ideas, merchandise, and money. "We had to beg, borrow and steal to pull together our original investment of \$2,000."

Doug slides off his chair and measures out "82 cents of Cherry Blend, please" for one of his steady customers. At this rate, the take home pay isn't that great, and Doug admits things have gotten lean during stint as proprietor, cashier, bookkeeper, advertising manager and janitor. Much of the profit has been re-invested for new merchandise to fill the tiny, rustic shop. Then, there's the rent for his small niche at the Network Mall. But on paper—they're doing great. Doug estimates the market value of the shop to be around the \$8,000 mark.

"Puff n Stuff" stocks everything from \$87 giant, wooden pipes to re-wrapped old Havana cigars. Occasionally, Doug has requests for the only weed not sold at "Puff". When, and if, marijuana is legalized, will it be "8 joints" over the counter? It would be a major decision; one which would definitely be affected by customer reaction.

The Saturday morning rush dies down, and Doug contemplates the problems of combining such demanding work with the grueling hours of an Architecture major. "I tend to migrate towards the shop instead of school," he concedes, "but there is no substitute for this kind of job...nothing at all!"

"Brother do we have some hairy experiences in here. A few days after we first opened, a conservative looking guy drops in the shop and offers me \$40 to make him a custom fit, leopard skin, athletic supporter....I wasn't at all sure what I'd gotten myself into."

"The Hang Up" was open for business. Senior Clothing Construction major, Ann Shuman, and a partner, opened the first hand-made clothing store in the area over 2 years ago.

Since then, Ann has switched partners. But the demand for their stitchery has increased. Shawls, dresses, custom made bikinis, jewelry, and fine pottery are constructed by the co-owners; or one of the

Hang Up
clothes & things

Coming Soon...
Bikinis & halters

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place"**

**"the stores
with the
right spirit"**

CORK N' BOTTLE features a complete assortment of party accessories, snacks, refreshments, and magazines. All four stores offer Poly students a seven-day-a-week check-cashing service.

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CORK N' BOTTLE

...Best of Both Worlds

60 consignment designers they have on file.

All day people wander in and out of the shop: touching, admiring, listening to the music.

Ann smiles, starts up her sewing machine, and opens her books. Despite the number of hours she works designing and minding the store, Ann feels she has kept up a "respectable average" and plans on graduating this June.

Does a lot of planning and preparation go into a shop this size? "Well, at first my partner and I had this wild idea to open a shop. I had \$500, and she had her talent. We knew it was ridiculous, but that afternoon, we rented the shop."

Ann gets an education from her customers. "It's entertaining in here, sometimes I like to sit back and just watch. I like to see what makes people work, and what they like."

Competition is keener now than when the "Hang Up" first opened its door. Ann feels an obligation to keep the racks filled with new merchandise. "We have a steady clientele; I like them to look at something new everytime they drop by."

Spindle Restaurant, Rich spends his life surrounded by plans, pastrami, rulers, and roast beef. By the way his mustache curls at the bling of a cash register, and the size of the crowds Rich's pickles must be paying off.

Rich isn't a novice in the world of business. He and his wife previously owned a shoe store in Santa Rosa before he entered Cal Poly and they decided to try it again in SLO.

Lounging at the Spindle's outdoor patio during a short break Rich chomps on some ice as he surveys his customers. They happily gurgle beer and cider while devouring the largest "Dagwoods" this side of the comics.

He and a partner took over the faltering Spindle a year ago and gave it a shot in the arm. Their goals were simple: good food, drink, music, and a place to relax.

Learning the food business wasn't a by-product of the School of Architecture, but then again, Rich doesn't like to concentrate all his brain storms in one area. "I can't see studying to be a designer all morning and then running downtown to be an assistant in the afternoon. It's an



The "Hang Up" goes on the market after graduation, but plans are in the works for a larger, more extensive shop in the Santa Barbara or San Diego area. As the last lingering customer files out and the doors are locked, Ann lets go with a tired sigh, "I guess the whole business has got me hooked."

Christmas shoppers sped by: pushing, shoving, buying. Hurrying past the small table filled with stainless steel and wooden hooks. Not taking the time to find out what the strange merchandise was all about.

As the season wore on and the frantic shoppers finally wondered "what in the hell are we going to get Uncle Clyde?" Jim and Jake Thorp's business began to get rolling.

Taking turns displaying "The Hooker" and extolling its virtue as the best "barbecue and meat turner in these parts," introduced the brothers to the finer art of sidewalk selling. As thespiel got better, so did the profits.

This Cadillac of the Barbecue Set was a brain child of their father, who talked his sons into using San Luis Obispo as a merchandising test ground.

Jim, a social science major, doesn't plan on expanding "The Hooker Enterprise" or introducing it to the wholesale market. With no fixed selling schedule, it makes it easier to reap the profits during his spare time.

However unstructured the business may be, Jim thinks the experience has made him think about a whole realm of small invention... "I find I want to discover how to improve upon an item. I keep itching to make things a little better than the next guy."

The big promotional push has slowed down with the onslaught of the rainy season. Neither Jim nor Jake, senior in business, had any experience in merchandising prior to their Christmas debut. Learning to construct a mean sandwich in record time is the business of Rich Ruff, Architecture major. As half owner of the

overload. A job like this doesn't tax my ideas or my creativity...this gives me a break."

What does a thriving business do to a GPA? "It hasn't hurt at all," according to Rich, "the restaurant has given me a different kind of discipline. I've learned to balance things out."

The Spindle is tucked into a corner at the Network Mall, alive with soft sounds of music and laughter. Rich likes the atmosphere, and feels it is partially responsible for the success of the restaurant. But speaking as an architect, he thinks the whole place is a design "hodge-podge." One of his pipe dreams is to open a new place...with a special atmosphere. Designed, built and executed with the special brand of Ruff and Co. magic.

San Luis Obispo is virgin ground for an entrepreneur with a good eye and a fast hammer. Rick Reinhart, business major, has turned a hobby into a thriving business.

"Every since I was a kid, I've been building things. I've always enjoyed it, working with my hands gives me satisfaction."

Rich isn't exactly in the building business, it's more like the great reconstruction. Many of the homes and apartments in SLO are being rented at phenomenal rates, but the rent isn't always indicative of their condition. "Sometimes I don't know what's holding these walls," laughs Ricks as he pounds away at bathroom tile trying to discover dry rot, crumbling carpentry, and wet wiring.

Unlike many students in business for themselves, Rick has a very high profit. Except for an initial investment in tools and supplies, Rick figures he takes home 80 per cent of all his earnings.

Rich has built up his clientele and squeezes in jobs between classes and on weekends. Home owners, landlords, and

(Continued on Page 8)



First



by Cathy Carrier

Ah love...remember the time cupid shot his first arrow into your heart? WOW what a fantastic person your first love was, so cute...those eyes. Oh if he would only say hi, if only she would look at me. And when they did, ecstasy.

That first love, what an experience: frustration, desire, confusion, longing, hope, anxiety, joy and friendship.

From her desk in the University Union Laura remembers Randy. In fifth grade Randy came into her life. He was shy. They had dancing in the gym during P.E. Girls on one side boys on the other... "he used to ask me to dance, we never said anything to each other."

Remember when it was cool for girls to wear their boy-friends jackets? Laura wore Randy's. He was too shy to ask her directly if she wanted to so his friends asked for him.

They were in the same row in school but on different sides of the room, he'd look down the row at her, "That was neat."

MEMORIES ARE GENTLE THINGS SOFT AND SIMPLE QUIET THINGS, WONDERIN' AND WISTFUL THINGS LOST IN THE EYE OF A MOMENT.

Lawrence Craig Green

They rode the bus to school. "Some times he'd sit by me, it was so neat when he did."

On rainy days the boys played basketball in half the gym and the girls danced in the other half. When a slow song came on, "The guys asked the girls to dance if they were really going together...he asked me."

"He sent me a valentine and signed it, Love, Randy." This went on until eighth grade. "I just stopped liking him."

That was not the end, however, as sophomores they were in the high school chorus. He sat next to her on the bus again, this time to basketball games. "He was so shy. He asked me to wear his ring, my mother was opposed, she said I shouldn't go steady with one guy."

"He gave me another valentine, that was neat too." Another guy came between them. "I liked him more."

"Randy's sister told me he didn't eat for three days after that, now we're good friends and he's married."

"She was Japanese, very compatible with me." Andy grins in the Snack Bar and remembers his first love at five-years-old.

Her name was Margaret. "I used to spend quite a lot of time with her...we had quite an affair."

They went to kindergarten together everyday and lived just a couple of blocks apart. "My mom used to take me to her house to visit."

THE HOUSE? THE HOUSE WAS HER HOUSE AND NOTHING FROM THE FIRST MOM

ENT HE SAW HER, AND NO ONE WHO HAD HAPPENED SINCE HAD EVER BEEN AS FRIGHTENING AND AS CONFUSING OR COULD HAVE DONE MORE TO MAKE HIM FEEL MORE SURE, MORE IN SECURE, MORE IMPORTANT, AND LESS SIGNIFICANT.

Herman Raucher
Summer of 42

"We were quite familiar with each other...we even took baths together. She was very obedient, she'd tie my shoes later because I didn't know how to."

"Her parents and mine were good friends, they thought we should get married, under the old Japanese custom parents picked marriage partners, they thought we were ideal for each other."

"As we grew older our paths parted." They were separated by different classrooms in first grade. "Things were never the same."

THOUGH LOVERS BE LOST LOVE SHALL NOT AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION.

Dylan Thomas

Amid the club meeting schedules and phone messages, Trudy doesn't remember much about her first love in first grade. "I really fell for him, the first one ever, I can't remember his name though."

They were in a Tom Thumb wedding. "We drewed up like a regular wedding and went through the ceremony. He was the groom and I was just the bride-maid, he didn't pay any attention to me."

THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE I THOUGHT THE SUN ROSE IN YOUR EYES AND THE MOON AND THE STARS WERE THE GIFTS YOU GAVE TO THE DARK AND EMPTY SKIES.

James came into Juanita's life forty years ago. Juanita pushes the total button on the cash register with one hand and shoves back a stray strand of gray hair with the other. "He had dark, curly hair, he was good looking with adolescent skin."

"I was 14 and he was 16. He was on 'all round kind. I thought he was real groovy. Other girls liked him—so did I. he was so popular."

In the winter when the streets were icy they would get in the Model T, "go to the corner of town, I am on the brakes and spin around. Once they were in to a bank window," he couldn't use the car for months."

She had to crawl in and out of her bedroom window to meet him. "because my grandparents didn't allow it."

They were together about three months. "he fell in love with somebody else."



Love



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH MY HAND TO SHOW ME YOU UNDERSTAND AND SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME. THAT SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL. ANYTIME MY LITTLE WORLD IS BLUE I JUST HAVE TO LOOK AT YOU AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL.

Carole King

Randy folds his books under his arm to leave, and stands on foot, resting the other on a pulled-out chair. It was in the second grade, "she had brown hair and a cute face," he remembers Jean his first love. "She was kind of plumpish and had dimples on her cheeks." They were in the same class. He'd ride his tricycle over to her house and they would play. "I thought she was pretty neat."

"She liked to swim and so did I, that was important. It was kind of like the red-headed girl and Charlie Brown in Peanuts, only she moved away."

HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

"The first date Jenny had with Mike was to see Love Story. Jenny had wanted him to ask her out. "I talked to him first and was dying to get a date with this guy."

When he did ask it was right before her sociology exam. "I was so excited I zipped thru the exam, went home and told my friends. . . we hit it off so well, we both like the same things."

Mike is "cute with blondish-brown hair and green eyes. He is very masculine, good build and good walk."

His family moved to San Jose and they drifted apart but started writing each other, now he comes to San Luis Obispo on weekends.

NOT WHERE I BREATHE BUT

WHERE I LOVE I LIVE.

Anonymous

"They like the outdoors, picnics at Montana de Oro. Their favorite spot is "a cave in Laguna Beach that we found on our second date."

"I'm in love with him. I don't know what else to say."

NO ONE IN THE WORLD WORLD EVER HAD A LOVE AS SWEET AS MY LOVE. FOR NOWHERE IN THE WORLD COULD THERE BE A BOY AS TRUE AS YOU LOVE. ALL MY LOVE I GIVE GLADLY TO YOU ALL YOUR LOVE YOU GIVE GLADLY TO ME.

Peter Udell

Cathy draws her knees up to her chin, tugging her dress down over them. Curled up in a chair in her apartment with a good view of the tracks and the downtown area it's hard to forget how it started beautifully and ended in tears. It began on a snowy night in Reno, "we were walking around in the snow catching snowflakes on our tongues and examining perfectly formed ice crystals."

Distance separated Cathy and Steven but many letters were written. "I'd wait expectantly to hear from Steven, they were beautiful letters, so full of expression, full of anticipation of our next meeting, sad letters wondering how our relationship stood."

"He was handsome and cute with dark curly hair, bluish-green eyes, beautiful skin. I remember he had skinny legs. He was so like a child and yet so manly. He was very mixed up about life yet he loved it . . . he liked little things: raindrops on leaves, tiny bugs in the grass."

They spent a lot of time in his green Chevy panel truck. "We went camping and traveling around and spent many nights talking and kissing till all hours."

WHEN I SEE BEAUTIFUL THINGS, LIKE A FIELD OF LONG, GREEN GRASS WITH LOTS OF YELLOW MUSTARD FLOWERS AND TREES IN BLOSSOM, I THINK OF YOU AND AND WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU. I WANT TO SHARE ALL THINGS WITH YOU.

Steven

"He played guitar fantastically, he'd play for me. I loved him." One time she was flying back to Reno and he played "Leaving on a Jet Plane" for her at the airport. "He gave me a guitar and tried to teach me how to play. . . I'm still trying to learn. He loved me too."

FOLLOW ME WHERE I GO. WHAT I DO, AND WHO I KNOW. MAKE IT PART OF ME. . . YOU SEE I'D LIKE TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU AND SHOW YOU THINGS I'VE SEEN, PLACES WHERE I'M GOING TO, PLACES WHERE I'VE BEEN, TO HAVE YOU THERE BESIDE ME AND NEVER FEEL ALONE, AND ALL THE TIME THAT YOU'RE WITH ME THEN WE WILL BE AT HOME.

John Denver

They got engaged. "He proposed in the middle of the San Francisco airport on his knees. . . I was in love. He was everything I had dreamed of yet now I see I didn't really know his weak points. . . points where I needed strength that he couldn't give me."

They made plans and tried to set a date. Her family really didn't approve but, "if I was happy that was all that mattered."

"It was hard being 200 miles apart. I had two more years in school and he wasn't

in school. Timing wasn't right. . . I was accepted to Cal Poly, should I go or not? What to do with our lives? We just wanted to be together."

IT'S SO GOOD TO LOVE YOU. I RUN ACROSS BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS OF YOU ALL DAY LONG. I CAN HEAR YOU LAUGH, I REMEMBER TO MYSELF WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE WITH YOU. YOU ARE MY FRIEND.

Steven

He went to Colorado for two weeks and then he drove her home when school was out. "It wasn't the same, we were growing apart, our goals and needs were different, he moved to Berkeley, it was over."

"One day in June we drove around and talked, I cried and cried. . . I got out of the car and walked away. I turned back for my last look and there was my curly headed little problem child."

SHE TOLD ME THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL LOVE YOU EVER REALLY GET IN YOUR LIFE AND MOST OF THE TIME YOU NEVER GET TO FULFILL IT FOR IT SELDOM STAYS, AND SO YOU FIND SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEONE WHO IS SECOND AND ADJUST AND MAKE DO AND LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN RELATIVE HAPPINESS NOW AND THEN THINKING AND WONDERING AND WISHING FOR THAT ONE LOVE YOU WANTED SO VERY MUCH.

Lawrence Craig Green



Photos by Gary Broshers



Picking Up

by Eric Noland



As evening descends upon the city, Alan Stone descends upon his listeners: "Seven forty-eight at Famous Fourteen, Elton John doing his rock 'n roll thing on K...S...L...Y..."

Photos by John Gordon

It happens every September. Heading back to school for yet another year at Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, after a summer in Los Angeles or the Bay Area.

As you wind along the freeway toward the Mission City, you realize that once again it is time to undertake that important, annual task, the repositioning of the buttons on your car's AM radio.

That station in Pasadena or Oakland faded out many miles ago and besides, you knew you couldn't hold out forever.

KSLY 1400. With the current trend returning music to the rock period of the fifties, many spoofs are done on the radio stations that delivered the sound of those times. Some groups even incorporate the Top-10 disc jockey oratory into their acts, just before embarking on a nostalgic jaunt into a bygone era.

That radio style, you may be assured (or dismayed), never left us. It is alive and well in San Luis Obispo.

+++++

Alan Stone rushes into the control room at Famous Fourteen on a week night and mounts the Good-Guy throne behind two pillars of recorded cartridges, everything from pizza commercials to Wayne Shaw wrestling reports.

As the sound of Seals and Crofts fades in the background the headphones are donned and the throat is cleared. Now again. One more time... (cough). The music all but disappears as the voice comes up in exuberant tones. "...87 degrees down Palm Street on K-S-L-Y at 9:47 with Alan Stone..." Enter commercial number one, now two, three, four, public service announcement, five, and then one of those lovely things, a jingle. First music slides up a scale and a chorus of female voices tells you that this is Famous Fourteen, KSLY, San Luis Obispo, and then introduces your host again... The instrumental introduction barely escapes with its life as Mr. Stone rides it with a well-timed joke about the next song's title, and away goes one of the tops in pops from the K-SLY Sound Survey.

Such is life in the world of so-called Top-40 radio. It consists of an infinite supply of 45-rpm discs, ten of which get the royal treatment through the week, a good supply of "catchy" jingles, "clever" commercial spots, a cash-call jackpot, what's cooking?, who's talking?, hit line requests and solid gold.

See, who said you had to journey into the past to find the kind of radio station that kids listened to before 7-up?

For the student raised in one of the two metropolitan areas this city sits between, the situation can be a rather distressing one, at best.

Consider the freshman who arrives for his first fall quarter and casually rolls across his radio dial. They again, back the other direction, and says to himself, "this cannot be."

One student, who is entering his third year as a university student (nice ring to it) here, is on the second year of a boycott of AM 1400. "I just can't handle the

commercials, ya know," he states like one who can't handle the commercials, ya know, "they really get pretty ridiculous. And the repetition sends me to the rail." Expounding on this latter point, he said, "Sometimes a song will come out that I like. But after hearing it three, four or five times daily it starts losing its magic. After a couple of weeks of that I start turning off the radio when it comes on. I like a little variety in the music I listen to."

A female student, a senior home economics major, expresses a more specific beef. "A song doesn't consist of lyrics alone. The music at the beginning and end add to the total effect of the song itself and I personally, like to hear that part of it too. It bothers me to have somebody talk all the way through that. And all the other games and things, well, I listen to the radio to hear music, not to learn the ingredients of Top-of-the-Stove Indian Pudding."

Such are the shots taken at the Top-40 radio format, but there are reasons and defenses for this of delivery.

Steve LeMont who doubles as Alan Stone when on the air, is KSLY's music director and briefly explained the station's format. "We want it to move," he said, "The more informational items you can play in an hour. We don't allow a DJ to talk unless there is music behind him, which disciplines him and forces him to get things like the time, weather and temperature in over the intros and extras."

Although he is aware of the current AM radio styles being put into practice in L.A. and the Bay Area, where the delivery is smoothed down and the approach is a bit easier LeMont-Stone adheres to the Top-40 style.

"Other methods of pleasing people are always being tried," he pointed out, "and this (Top-40) is one that has been proven. You can't argue with success."

Those who do care to argue with success must look elsewhere in the sparse San Luis Obispo market if they want to hear a current sound without imposing rhetoric tossed in.

Enter KVBC 890.

Alan Ross comes out of the morning newscast playing Roberta Flack for "someone doing the breakfast dishes."

When the music fades and the song finishes he talks about the artist he has featured and the success of that particular record. He then jokes a bit with his listeners, as someone sharing a morning cup of coffee with them, and then continues with something from Neil Diamond, or Elton John, or Carol King.

The style of music goes by many names, from up-tempo to easy listening to progressive pop. By any name, it was a rapid transition for KVBC to make in the fall of 1971. One day the music people at the station said, "here's our new music style," and that was that. The success has been encouraging to the staff.

Evan Hunting, the music director who also handles an afternoon show, is happy with the response. "We've gotten many



One of the sexy, female voices at KCPR, Debbie Williams knocks 'em dead at the Men's Colony.



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calls from people who appreciated the change and enjoy the music we're playing. Now we're concerning ourselves with the different kinds of things we can do with the music, blending songs together to create shows that are not only enjoyable to listen to, but also say something, as well."

Between songs the approach of the announcers and the style of the commercials is low-key, easy and smooth. Adhering to a "personality approach" in announcing, the belief is that a wider segment of the listening population is reached. As Haning noted, "I don't think many people like to have a song end with somebody screaming over it and screaming them into the next record."

KVEC, however, remains primarily a "news, sports, and the weather" station, an image that often overshadows any advancements or progressions in music and its delivery. As one student remarked, "everytime I turn it (KVEC) on I hear either a newscast, a panel discussion or a sports broadcast."

The people at AM 830 provide that chief news and sports outlet for the area. When listeners want more of a pure-music sound, they often go to KATY 1340.

But KATY is different than the other two San Luis Obispo AM stations. None of the music heard on KSLY is played at KATY. Some of the music heard on KVEC is played at KATY. And some of the music heard on KATY isn't played anywhere.

KATY's music can be termed "background stuff." All of the "good life sound of 1340 Music Place" comes from large pre-recorded tapes purchased through a distributor, International Good Music (IGM). The songs you hear come across the airways back to back, and the station's announcers are heard only at news time. It's a little like having a jukebox in your car or home, only it's broken and you never know what it's going to play next.

Rick Williams, one of KATY's babysitters, explained his job: "There's a button that says 'START' which starts the music, and one that says 'STOP' that stops it. It gets pretty confusing sometimes."

KATY's function is not to present its audience with "personality conversation," but rather to provide it with music—background music. In other words, it is more or less an AM station with an FM format.

KSLY 98.3 FM (Stereo) is somewhat the opposite—an FM station with a touch of the FM format.

Many people like to listen to quiet, easy music without necessarily having someone tell them what they're listening to and how cold it is outside. They play music that will keep them company, but not divert their attention from the newspaper or a book. KSLY's AM touch comes in its frequent conversational droppings between the movie theme songs and orchestrated Beatle music.

As one Cal Poly person put it bluntly, "I'd probably listen to it more if it weren't for all the yak."

Another remarked about what she called 'stagnant programming.' "I've listened to that station on and off for four years, and I swear they are playing the same records, exactly, that they played in 1970. Shirley Bassey's rendition of 'Something' must be pretty popular over there."

"Shirley Bassey's, and everybody else's version," someone else added.

KUNA 96.1 FM (Stereo) may well satisfy the listeners who want a more-music, less-talk station. KUNA is expected to sign on February 27 and, at the present time, discussion about its planned format is being hushed up. Owned and operated by the same person who owns and operates KSLY, Homer Odom, the new station is expected to provide easy listening in stereo.

For the rock purists, it used to be that the only way to keep up with new artists was to drive your car to the top of a hill at night when it was raining and hope to get something from a metropolitan area. KCPR 91.3 FM is helping out in that area. Sometimes.

Managed and run by students at Cal Poly, the station's chief purpose is to provide somewhat of an instructional laboratory for people interested in radio. Not intended solely as an entertainment facility, the students who get on the air are nearly at liberty to play what they want to.

One avid listener of the campus station feels this is one of KCPR's assets. "You never know what to expect but you seldom have to worry about someone running the 'number one song' into the ground. The variety is fantastic."

Generally, the mornings and early afternoon hours feature more current popular sounds, with the late afternoon hours reserved for "Pacific Concert," (some love it, some hate it) three hours of classical music. The evening sound moves back to the popular stuff and by the late night hours the music peels the paint, giving "underground FM" its only resting place in San Luis Obispo.

KCPR also offers many surprises, as well, including taped public enlightenment sequence such as 'The Space Story' (featuring Willard Scott), 'Men and Molecules,' 'Stars and Stripes,' and other profound thought-provokers.

The campus station is not without technical drawbacks, little incidentals that are expected at any such educational medium.

A person who just recently joined the student ranks at Cal Poly admitted being amused, and sometimes annoyed, at the frequent miscues that have become KCPR trademarks. "When I get tired of hearing records cued up in the middle or started at the wrong speed, I just switch over to KSLY or..."

...or I start leafing through my album collection."



"Eleven from seven with Evan..." Evan Haning debuts a new artist at KVEC.

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It's a sweaty, hard labor, but Ernie Gaffney looks at his horse shoeing business as a hobby. Trucking around the county with \$3,000 worth of equipment earns Ernie his daily bread.

Ernie went into the horse maintenance business after an initial tussle at the rigorous Poly training classes. "The experience gave me confidence" he drawled with a slight smile, "and for the first time I felt it was feasible for me to consider

The possibilities for business are booming, but he prefers to shoe the horses of friends and students in need of a reasonable, reliable job.

Horseshoeing is a time consuming task. With hours out for classes and study, Ernie only manages to get face to face with one of his customers on the average of five times a week.

I'm not going to get rich, and I wouldn't want it full time, but working for myself gives me a certain satisfaction."



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A Salute to G.W.

was I to make them believe?

This happened to me one year ago today. It actually did. This year I again have a night class in the Business Administration Building. What will I hear tonight when I walk past the old Clock Tower building? Those who must drive past Poly Grove:

keep your windows open and listen for strange noises. Others who have to walk through that mysterious part of campus: keep your eyes and ears open, and have your mind well-stabilized for the shock. The chants may be heard again. Believe me, "I cannot tell a lie."



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